

The Historie

Hot. That Roane shal be my throne. Well, I will backe him
traight: O Esperance, bid Butler lead him forth into the parke.

La. But heare you my Lord.

Hot. What saist thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

La. Out you madhedded ape, a weazel hath not such a deale
of spleene, as you are tost with. In faith, ile know your busines
Harry, that I wil, I feare, my brother Mortimer doth stir about
his title, & hath sent for you to line his enterprife, but if you goe.

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, loue.

La. Come, come you Paraquito, answere mee directly, vnto
this question that I shall aske: in faith, ile breake thy little fin-
ger, Harry, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away you trisler, loue, I loue thee not,
I care not for thee Kate, this is no world

To play with mimmets, and to tilt with lips,
We must haue bloody noses, and crackt crownes,
And passe them currant too: gods me, my horse:
What saist thou Kate? what woldst thou haue with me?

La. Do you not loue me? do you not indeede?
Well, doe not then, for since you loue me not,
I will not loue my selfe. Doe you not loue me?
Nay, tell me, if you speake in ieast, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am a horsebacke, I will sweare,
I loue thee infinitely. But harke you Kate,
I must not haue you henceforth, question me,
Whither I goe, nor reason, whereabout:
Whither I must, I must, and to conclude,
This euening must I leaue you gentle Kate:
I know you wise, but yet no farther wise,
Then Harry Percies wife: constant you are,
But yet a woman, and for secrecy,
No Lady closer, for I well belecue,
Thou wilt not vtter, what thou dost not know:
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

La. How, so far?

of Henry the fourth.

Hot. Not an inch further, but harke you Kate,
Whither I goe, thither shall you goe too:
To day will I set forth, to morrow you:
Will this content you, Kate?

La. It must of force.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince and Poines.

Prin. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, and lend me
thy hand to laugh a little.

Poi. Where hast bin, Hal?

Prin. With three or foure logger-heads, amongst three or
fourescore hogheads. I haue sounded the very base string of
humilitie. Sirra, I am sworne brother to a leasb of drawers, and
can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dicke, and
Francis: they take it already vpon their saluation, that though I
be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of Curtesie, & tel me
flatly, I am no proud Iacke, like Falstaffe, but a Corinthian, a
lad of mettall, a good boy, (by the Lord, so they call me) and
when I am King of England, I shall command all the good lads
in Eastcheape. They call drinking deepe, dying scarlet, and
when you breathe in your watering, they cry hem, and bid you
play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quar-
ter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker, in his own
language, during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much
honour, that thou wert not with me, in this action; but sweet
Ned, to sweeten which name of Ned, I giue thee this peniworth
of sugar, clapt euen now into my hand, by an vnderkinker,
one that neuer spake other English in his life, then eight shil-
lings and fixe pence, and you are welcome, with this shrill ad-
ditio, anon, anon sir; skore a pint of bastard in the halfe moone,
or so. But Ned, to drine away the time till Falstaffe come: I
prethee, doe thou stand in some by-roome, while I question my
puny drawer, to what end he gaue me the sugar, and doe thou
neuer leaue calling Frances, that his tale to me may be nothing
but anon: step aside, and ile shew thee a present.

Poi. Frances.

Prin. Thou art perfect.

Prin. Frances.

Enter Drawer.

Frav. Anon, anon sir. Looke downe into the Pomgarnet,
Ralph.

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Prin.